Do We Learn From History? . . . By Mary M. Colum

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"GENTLEMAN RANKER"
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"THE SOUND OF AN AMERICAN"
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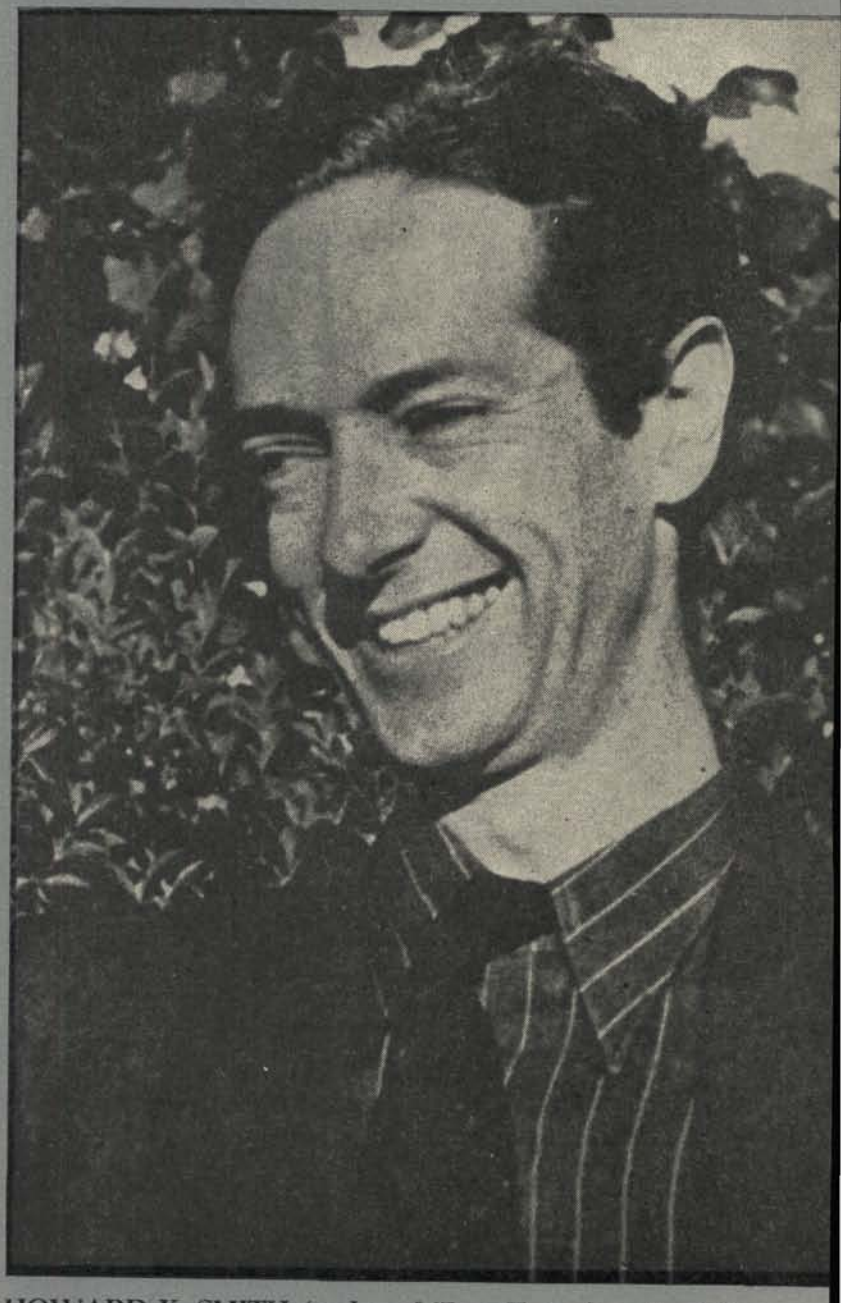

HOWARD K. SMITH (author of "Last Train from Berlin") wants us to offer Germany "Total Democracy." . . . *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Do We Learn from History?

MARY M. COLUM

THE Irish literary revival somehow gives the impression of having petered out, or, maybe, there is simply a lull until the younger generation brings it forward to another phase. Whatever is happening, to read through a number of the English magazine, *Horizons,* of a couple of months ago, devoted to the more recent Irish writers, is to receive a shock. The bulk of the stuff in that issue would not have passed muster in an American college magazine. A whine of complaint about the country ran through several of the contributions as if the country was not doing its duty by these writers either in the inheritance or the life it supplied. Now a writer of genius can put what life he wants to into a country; writers have done it here in America where it is more difficult than in an old country like Ireland with a long and complex history, a folk lore, and that rare possession of a few fortunate countries, a mythology. For writers to complain of the life of a country or the material it offers is to admit the meagreness of their own minds, of their psychic endowment.

Writers in this country, especially the poets, have been able since the beginning of this century to put a vibrating life into things and places that to start with had not much life of their own,—Frost into the desolate places of New England, Robinson into the lonely and inarticulate figures belonging to a new country, Stephen Vincent Benét and Edgar Lee Masters into traditions and traditional personalities, while the everyday life, the accustomed things—Chinese launderies, soap box orators, Santa Fe Trail, the Salvation Army, the speeches of the politicians, were endowed with lyricism by Vachel Lindsay. These writers have all augmented the life they wrote about, for it is the business of the artist to augment life, and here is exactly where the bulk of the Irish writers who have come up since 1914 have failed: they seem to have no augmenting potentiality, and, consequently, most of them have made little impression on the outside world. Of those who are published in this country and who work in native Irish material, Liam O'Flaherty has written effective and dramatic novels with an approach of his own. The bulk of the others seem merely to be working over fields already tilled and cultivated by those elders who made the Irish renaissance, so that of many Irish novels, short stories, and poems, one feels that one has read them all before.

On many writers the literary tradition seems to have a weakening effect, and we find some of them trying to produce literature who might be all right as entertainers if they stopped trying to be geniuses. Of the men writers, Sean O'Faolain is a good enough trade writer of a kind common in America who can write a competent if laborious novel and who might be far better if he did not strive so much for literary effects. There is Frank O'Connor, a far finer artist, who is really a short story writer but who gives the impression of a limited response to life. The best of the poets since 1914 seems to be Austin Clarke, and by far the best two of the novelists are Elizabeth Bowen and Kate O'Brien. Miss Bowen has a more sensitive imagination and more variety of emotion than any of the others. Also she has that effective style that writers seem to get who are brought up in Ireland, especially in Dublin where the wit and excellence of the conversation is a good school for prose. Then Elizabeth Bowen has the real artist's power of adding life to whatever she works on, so that the material does not become exhausted but is increased in value for other writers.

If Elizabeth Bowen and Kate O'Brien stand out from so many of the men writers, so indeed do several other women, especially the scholar artists like Helen Waddell, Eileen Power, Alice Curtayne, and the literary biographer, Enid Starkie. Traditionally Ireland has been good on producing scholars, and one cannot help noting the excellence of the women as writers and as scholars. "Bowen's Court"* is, as far as I am aware, the first book in which Elizabeth Bowen has dealt with specifically Irish material, and in it she shows herself possessed of a fine critical intellect and a genuine feeling for history. Here she is the historian of a period of Irish history as well as the biographer of members of her family, and she is able to endow both the history and the personages with a life that is impressive. Apparently the last of her family, she is the present owner of Bowen's Court, an eighteenth-century mansion built by a descendant of that group of invaders who were and still are probably the most detested of all in Irish traditions, the Cromwellians.

Elizabeth Bowen and Kate O'Brien

The Bowen lands were given by Cromwell to Elizabeth Bowen's ancestor, one Henry Bowen, for his help

*BOWEN'S COURT. By Elizabeth Bowen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 459 pp. $3.50.

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in the Cromwellian army which subdued Ireland, and the portrait of the Lord Protector stands over the staircase in the Bowen house, as does that of William of Orange. Right away it should be said that any household in Ireland which harbors a portrait of Oliver Cromwell is not Irish though it may be something more respectable, such as Anglo-Irish or English. The term Anglo-Irish is in need of definition; it does not mean, as might seem off hand, a person with a mixture of English and Irish blood. After all the invasions a large proportion of the population has probably that mixture. But even in cases where they are half English, people of mixed blood decline to call themselves Anglo-Irish, just as people here decline to call themselves Anglo-American. In Ireland, Anglo-Irish is really a property designation. Those calling themselves Anglo-Irish are the descendants of an array of adventurers, the fighters or the backers of the Cromwellian and Williamite wars who, after the defeat of the Irish, were given the lands of the native aristocracy and whose hold on the said lands was through support from England. After they had lived in the country a few generations, some of them acquired Irish characteristics so that they became known in England as Irish, though in Ireland they were called English.

In "Bowen's Court" Elizabeth Bowen is inclined to regard the Cromwellian invaders of Ireland and those who emigrated to America about thirty years previously as the same kind of people. There is, of course, some resemblance; the bulk of both were townspeople of what, to use present-day terminology, are called the petty bourgeoisie. But the political and social ideology of the Mayflower emigrants, of the men and women who made the Mayflower compact, was different from that of Cromwell's troopers. Then the Mayflower emigrants came into a country which had not a history as history is reckoned. Cromwell's troopers came into a country which had an old settled population, an old civilization, a long history, and they destroyed the pattern of that thousand year old civilization.

The publisher's note on this book tells us that the Protestant ascendency as symbolized by the Bowens has been Ireland's cross, the reason for her bloody troubles. Now, in a way this is a very nonsensical statement, for there were many bloody troubles and some not so bloody before the Cromwellians, and unless these are understood, in outline, anyway, Elizabeth Bowen's book will not be understood. The Irish people, Irish culture, Irish institutions and laws, had received many assaults before Cromwell's invasion. The first really damaging trouble was started by Henry II of England who made no attempt at military conquest but who announced that he had received a present of the lordship of Ireland from his friend, the English Pope, Adrian IV. How his English Holiness imagined he had the right to give away the country is one of the diverting episodes in history. He got it through what was known as the donations of Constantine. This can best be explained by quoting the historian, Eoin MacNeill. "The Roman Emperors were imagined to have been supreme feudal lords of the whole earth, and Constantine was held to have granted to the bishops of Rome the feudal lordship of Ireland."

The history of the country from Henry II was the history of invasions, attempts to destroy the native Irish, and penal laws of all kinds. The racial laws began in 1367 with the Statute of Kilkenny, when marriage between the invaders and the natives and the use of the Irish language were forbidden. As all Christendom had more or less the same religion at this time there were no religious prohibitions, but these came later. The invaders with the most affinity with the Irish people were the Normans who settled down and became Irish, as indeed did also the early English invaders. Some of the Elizabethans had been amiable, poetry-writing rascals who were said to have shown considerable personal consideration for the native lords whose property they came over to grab. But with the change in England to Protestantism came laws against religion, against education, and limiting the value of the possessions the natives could own. Miss Bowen's narrative really begins with the period after the death of Queen Elizabeth and the defeat of the great Ulster lords and their flight ("The Flight of the Earls") to the Continent. The intermediate history between this period and the coming of Cromwell may be a little complicated for readers unfamiliar with the doings of the generals, the gauleiters, and the crop-destroyers of the period, to wit, the Mountjoys and the Straffords, etc.

Miss Bowen really gets into her stride when she comes to Cromwell and the Cromwellians, for here begins the life of the Bowens in Ireland, fairly recently according to Irish memory, quite a while ago in Miss Bowen's. She gives a succinct account of Cromwell's conquest and his methods of establishing a New Order. He would have finished the nation for ever only no native population that once owned a country is ever finished; it always comes up again if it can hold to its tra-

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The German Home Front

LAST TRAIN FROM BERLIN. By Howard K. Smith. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 359 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

HERE is a remarkable eye-witness account of the "startling metamorphosis of Nazi Germany after June 22, 1941." "Last Train from Berlin" pictures in exciting and damning detail the havoc that the Russian campaign has wrought on the Fuehrer's home front.

For the first nine years of Hitler's reign there was virtually no censorship of press cables. In the words of the author, it was Nazi high summer; the winners could afford to be liberal with foreign correspondents. But the Russian reverses brought a sudden muzzling of the American press—and of C. B. S. Berlin correspondent Howard K. Smith.

What caused the *volte-face?* Hatred of America could not account for it. Why were the Nazis censoring even the Fuehrer's speeches?

Having managed to get out of Germany, Mr. Smith tells us what they were trying to hide. It was bad enough that in late 1941 the bottom dropped out of the victory-battened standard of living. Silk stockings from France and luxury furs from Norway were of poor comfort in a long potato-line. The moral decline of Aryan Valhalla progressed so rapidly and openly as to frighten the Nazi leaders. Capital equipment suddenly went to pieces: production fell off drastically. Six months of the Russian war cost the Nazis 8,000 of their 11,000 locomotives and a loss of three years of locomotive production.

The usual antidotal Jewish persecution failed to appease the bitterness of the disillusioned populace. As the disaffection and demoralization spread, the government used force and the threat of force against the undernourished, unhealthy German people. The Berlin Gestapo, doubled in size, set up arsenals and fortifications in the residential quarters of the capital.

It is a sensational and heartening story, and reporter Smith tells it superbly. He tells it with indignation, disgust, and cynical humor. His sense of social change gives vital significance to his chronicle of the proletarianization of the German middle class. Hitler has not only bitten the hand that fed him; he has swallowed it.

With the middle class dispossessed, there remain, according to Mr. Smith, three elements of revolt: the underground Communists, the Catholic Church, and the Prussian military caste. In his analysis of the Communist opposition he states that "all German workers have remained slightly pink-to-red even after almost ten years of Nazi rule." Of the religious opposition he assures us that "it is safe to say nothing, not even the new senseless persecution of the Jews, caused so much resentment among the German people as the raids of the Gestapo on Church property."

But it is in the Nazi-Prussian military split that he finds nearest hope of anti-Hitler action. Time has not closed the gulf between the old school military men and the Nazi Party. The latter has come to mean the Gestapo—upstarts and social climbers. The struggle between the rival groups is "a conflict for the future rule over Germany, by the generation which will be the ruling one in the not distant future." Ex-corporal Hitler has taken over the command of the *Wehrmacht.* More than that, he has shown his hand in ordering unlimited expansion of the *S. S. Waffen* (S.S. in arms)—in short, his private troops. How the *S. S. Waffen* is draining the regular army of its crack young soldiers makes amazing reading. And keen-eyed realist Smith is at his best in thumb-nail sketches of the dehumanized Prussian officer and his ruthless counterpart in the Fuehrer's personal army.

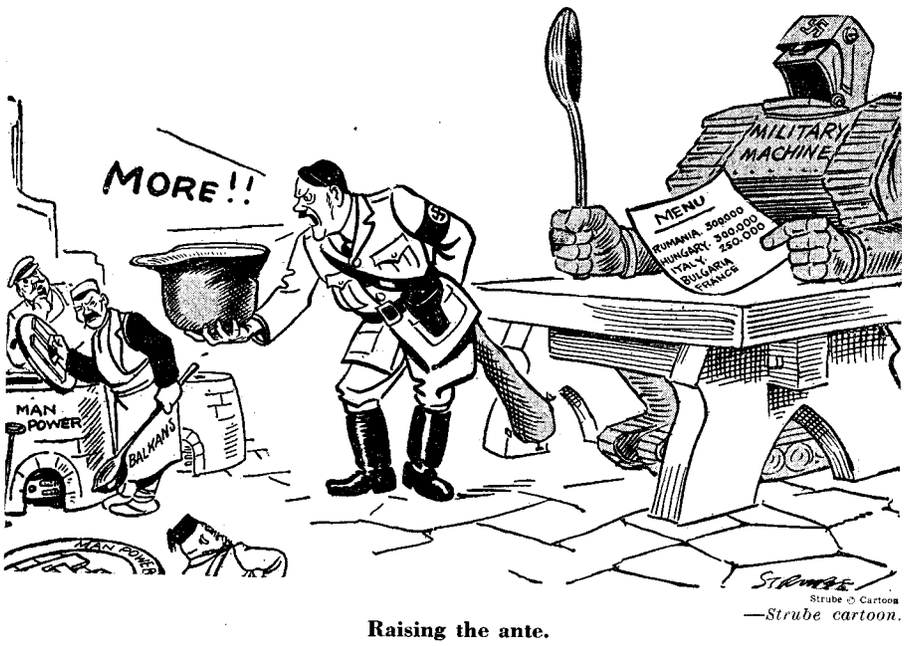
Some of the most disquieting pages in "Last Train from Berlin" are given over to that embryo *Herrenvolk,* the Hitler Youth. Next to the Wehrmacht, these Nazi babes-in-arms are the Fuehrer's pets. They are sheltered from the dangers and horrors of war. They know nothing of the demoralization and want that are corroding the fabric of German life today.

Ninety-eight per cent of all German boys are eligible for this S. S. training corps, but only the strongest and handsomest are admitted to the "Adolf Hitler schools." In fact, crippled and unathletic children are banned from secondary schools. An indifferent little football player is a burden to the state. A good looking, hard-tackling youngster is encouraged to graduate from the "Adolf Hitler schools" into a Gestapo institute. As a Fuehrer-dedicated institute alumnus he may reach the supreme goal of dying in battle for his Leader.

Whenever he describes movements or men, Mr. Smith has a ready way of getting to rock bottom. The reader meets "that chunk of raw, red fat, Dr. Robert Ley," a host of the "infinitesmal twerps" of Nazidom, and "a fine, bloated Prussian Balt" who stayed sober and sensible during seven days and nights of incessant drinking. Himmler's ubiquitous legionaries would "kick their grandmother's teeth out if Himmler ordered it." The Prussian general and the old-line capitalist respond to "the creamy words of a brown-shirted paranoic." It is a pity he has failed to index them all.

And what of the victories that the Wehrmacht has won in Russia since Mr. Smith got out of Germany and wrote his book? He insists that nothing short of war's end will satisfy the German people. They are indifferent to military victories: they want a *decisive* victory. They did not and do not want Hitler's war. They carry on with the distrusted Nazis solely through fear of the Gestapo and of what may befall them if Germany is defeated.

The Germans are ready for an alternative, says Mr. Smith. He proposes that we offer them Total Democracy. He suggests "specific details of a plan to knock the Nazis lop-sided without firing a single bullet more than we ordinarily fire. . . . Why not do it tomorrow morning?"



—*Strube cartoon.*

Raising the ante.

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Pre-Pearl Harbor Japanese Employee

WITH JAPAN'S LEADERS. By Frederick Moore. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 365 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

BACK in 1920, Frederick Moore, then a news correspondent in Geneva, was invited by the late Hirosi Saito to become an adviser on international affairs to the Toyko Foreign Office. Moore readily agreed. Of the next twenty-two years, he spent fourteen in Japan's service, terminating it—without a letter of resignation—when a news flash announced the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

Moore's duties were extremely indefinite. It was suggested by his first "boss," Ambassador to Washington Baron Shidehara, that the activities be "let develop themselves." When a Japanese colonel came to Moore, to "size him up," the latter explained his qualifications as "an authority on general information." With these vague qualifications and still vaguer duties, Moore proceeded to serve a succession of Japanese ambassadors to Washington—from Shidehara to Admiral Nomura.

The work obviously had its excitement as well as its embarrassments. The latter arose partly out of Moore's refusal to give up his independent views as an American, partly out of the general Japanese distrust of the white man. Thus, when Matsuoka demonstratively walked out of the League of Nations with the Japanese delegation, Moore remained sitting—until the conspicuousness of his position drove him out. From Kurusu, Moore received repeated snubs, coated with icy politeness, when that little man arrived in Washington to play for time while the Japanese armed services prepared for the war.

"With Japan's Leaders" is, above all, an apology for the association with Japan in the years of her aggression. Partly, it is also an apology for failure to see, until Japan joined the Axis in 1940, that her policies inevitably led to war with the Democracies. Lastly, the book is an enlightening report of the role played by the Japanese Embassy in Washington in the fateful year preceding Pearl Harbor.

The title chosen by Moore is misleading. He himself makes it startlingly clear that the men representing Japan in Washington were mere figureheads, neither trusted by their own nation's true rulers nor exercising any power. The only man who could be remotely described as a "ruler" was Yosuke Matsuoka, but even he owed his authority to the army. A truer title would have been "With Japan's Ambassadors in Washington."

The central figure of the book is Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura, the last Ambassador to the United States. Moore idealizes Nomura. He paints the big, jolly, one-eyed sailor as a sincere, honest man, determined to prevent the outbreak of the war between his own country and the nation he loved next best. Moore describes Nomura's continuous efforts to preserve peace, to devise a formula under which Washington would remain happy while Japan kept her gains. When Kurusu appeared on the scene, Nomura—according to Moore—finally realized that war was near, and lost all hope. To my mind, this happy portrait suffers from oversimplification. Nomura is not only a fine man; before he came to Washington, he was also a fine empire-builder, commanding the fleet which helped to raze Chapei off the map and losing an eye at a review of the victorious imperial forces. No less than any other Japanese admiral, he played an important role in Japan's aggression. His subsequent efforts to bridge the gap between Japan and the United States—a gap which he himself helped to create—would indicate extreme naivete, if nothing else.

I feel that Moore errs even more in his characterization of Yakichiro Suma, Councillor of the Embassy. I can see how Suma's affability could charm an unwary companion. But prior to his appointment to Washington, this affable man had established in China a record probably unparalleled in Gaimusho annals for its ill taste, boorishness and aggressiveness. As Consul-General in Nanking Suma had interfered with the functions of the Chinese Government, had openly and insultingly attacked the government to which he was accredited and —on one occasion—shouted like a drunken sailor at General Chiang Kai-shek. Suma went out of his way to be "acceptable" to the army. He was rewarded with the appointment to Washington and the job of the Foreign Office spokesman.

Frederick Moore

Moore's book lacks penetration. But it adds a useful eyewitness footnote to the yet unwritten story of the days which preceded Japan's attack on the Democracies. For this alone, it will beyond doubt be quoted for years to come. Appended to the book are the texts of the final notes exchanged by the two governments.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Anthology of Modern Verse

By Leonora Speyer

PROBLEM-CHILD of the shelf,
Intolerable, yet not unlovable, child,
You call to me
From the penumbra of your page,
From the far side of your extreme vocabulary:
"Guess what I've got hidden in these words!
Come on—
Guess!"

And we play together—
Elusive pastime of glib patterns—
And occasionally
I guess.

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Van Doren . . .

DACEY HAMILTON. By Dorothy Van Doren. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 303 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

OF her new novel the author says, "The story of a woman who was in a sense beginning her life after she had had five children had been annoying me for years in various forms. I wrote this book to get rid of the annoyance." "Dacey Hamilton" is the result, and a good riddance it is. The novel is sharp and adult, the product of a ripe and disciplined talent.

Although many things occur in the three hundred pages, there is only an ounce of plot, for practically everything has happened before the story proper begins. It is a novel of exposition, using a method more common to drama than to fiction—a gradual and often exciting revelation of antecedent events. The action of "Dacey Hamilton" takes place during the stormy year of 1918, when the convulsive close of a world war shook private lives everywhere, as well as nations. At the age of sixteen Candace Fenn married a famous artist, whom Candace's widowed mother loved and expected to marry. Disappointed and frustrated, Mrs. Fenn becomes an evil witch, driving a wedge of fear into her daughter that almost destroys her. When Candace herself is widowed in Hawaii, she comes to New York and takes a position on the *New Democracy,* a periodical not unlike certain liberal weeklies, except for a Dickensian editor and a staff much more human than politico-sociological. Boy meets girl, of course; but he is lame, and like the hero of "Of Human Bondage" he is unphilosophical and bitter about his deformity; and she, a widow with five lively children, is harassed still by an unhappy marriage and a devilish mother. To bring these two lonely people together and convince them that a harmonious union is possible is not easy, but the author does so convincingly.

The chief excellence of the novel is its fine portraiture. The dead husband, artist first and human being second, is still vividly present. The five children, spared a modern, scientific bringing up, are not brats but lovable and real. The expatriate uncle who returns from France near the end of the book completes the exposition and brings with him an authentic whiff of Montparnasse. The tumultuous background is suggested by occasional matter-of-fact news paragraphs. Time, place, and characters are expertly integrated.

Dorothy Van Doren

Clements . . .

PERHAPS A LITTLE DANGER. By E. H. Clements. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1942. 279 *pp.* $2.50.

BOSWELL once described the Hebrides Islands of Scotland as invested with "perhaps a little danger." It is probable that he never dreamed just what the phrase might imply. Today the danger has only one definition, and Miss Clements has made excellent use of both islands and danger in the concoction of an amusing adventure tale. It remains amusing, despite the genuine menace of invasion as we understand it, because of Miss Clements's own bright spirits and easy British understatement, as well as because of the irrepressible cheerfulness and confidence of her characters. If the British Isles are indeed inhabited by families with the intelligence and aplomb of these Peregrines, then the Germans had better never come near the place. It is true that sometimes the effervescent chatter these Peregrines, father and mother and sons, toss back and forth is a little difficult to bear—they never quite quote "Alice in Wonderland" but you feel it coming.

On the other hand, Miss Clements has written a beautifully knit, tight little tale. There is the mysterious German on the island, and the equally mysterious pursuer; there is some suggestion of romance, understated of course; there is suspense, and a fine, extended climax. It makes unquestionably good reading, without too much of the gloom of reality.

N. L. R.

Jennings . . .

GENTLEMAN RANKER. By John Jennings. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1942. 565 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES D. ABBOTT

STEPHEN TRENT, the hero of this novel, is a dashing young Georgian buck with the manners of an unlicked puppy. All the faults of eighteenth century profligacy and none of its graces shine forth in him. He is arrogant, pig-headed, tasteless, extravagant, and selfish. With equal obtuseness he can hiss the art of David Garrick and, running in luck at White's, refuse with a taunt a friend's request for a loan. No generous thought of any kind has ever stirred in his handsome and insensitive head. He has known nothing but to conform to the reckless antics of the crowd in which he moves. And then, through a series of fortuitous and incongruous accidents in which both his stubborn rudeness and his taste for rum play a large part, he accepts the King's shilling and finds himself scheduled to depart for Virginia with Braddock's army.

Trent, a gentleman whose friends all hold gilded commissions, is a mere private, a common redcoat subject to the whim and the profanity of corporal and sergeant, not to mention the indignities showered upon him by old friends of the dice-table. The new regime is, of course, the making of him. Gradually he turns into a man. He learns even to respect the rights of others. It is Sergeant O'Hara, a brusque and relentless but kindly Irishman, who has had the major hand in this transformation, and with him Stephen meets most of his adventures in the new world. To describe, even to enumerate, these would be impossible. They are too many.

The publishers mildly describe this chronicle as exuberant. It demands a stronger, a more strenuous, a gaudier adjective. It is what an obscure eighteenth century diarist called obsterperious *(sic)*. It never pauses in its rush; there are no calms between explosions. Such pace might exhaust many a creative talent, but Mr. Jennings never flags. He can top each exploit with another still more redoubtable. It is small wonder that his inventiveness quite often pushes him to extremes of credibility. But for all its bombast and its Munchausen-like obstreperousness, it conveys a pretty good picture of colonial life and is particularly just in its delineation of the social maladjustments between freedom-loving settler and overbearing British deputy, the antipathy that was to flare into war twenty years later.

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Ormsbee . . .

THE SOUND OF AN AMERICAN. By David Ormsbee. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1942. 319 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

AMERICANS have made some very strange sounds but the noises made by Mr. Ormsbee's first person hero are very far from any general chord or racket that comes up from this country today or ever has come from it. The American in this book is Abner Coe, an American music critic living in France during the "break through" whose favorite melody is "Pavanne for a Dead Princess" —a charming enough bit, but a part of the faint, complaining lament that is heard even in Debussy's attempts at gaiety.

Coe is in a difficult position; he has lived most of his early life in an American small town, but because his mother happened to be on a buying trip to Paris when he was born, he is claimed by the French Army and thrown into service on the Maginot Line. He leaves not only his work and a study of Bach which he is doing—though God knows why, at this late date—but two ladies, one of whom sounds like a combination of Louella Parsons, Clare Boothe, and Dorothy Thompson—Heaven help us—and the other like Willa Cather's Lost Lady, though by no means as beautifully portrayed as that truly classic character. The column writing, radio commentating female is Abner's steady mistress; the other, a young piano student, Abner seduces with some little effort just after being called to the colors. As in the case of the immortal Lady of Shark Tooth Shoals, however, the pianist is oversold; Abner is completely sold on the idea that this is his life's great love—a circumstance that makes the remainder of the book melancholy, because the pianist is in love with two men and she is already married to the other one.

The trouble with this heroine is that she never comes through with enough distinctness to make anyone care more than fleetingly what becomes of her. Her conversations with Abner are strictly of the you-and-me variety and tell very little about her except that she likes to go to bed with the young man. Well, so does the other girl, who is also handsome, and has an enormous income, frequently useful to the young soldier, from five hundred American newspapers.

The story is smooth enough and exciting in many places but the love story is not convincing, and it is unfortunate but simply true that the bankruptcy of Europe is, though worth keeping severely in mind, old hat—the story was prophecy in Max Nordau and Briffault's "Breakdown," prophetic in Feuchtwanger, Neumann, and many others, and has been discussed as a *fait accompli* in hundreds of books and periodicals.

A. E. W. Mason

Dodge . . .

SHEAR THE BLACK SHEEP. By David Dodge. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1942. 284 *pp.* $2.

MR. DODGE'S dedication reads, "This is for Monnie." We appreciate the absolute honesty of these words, and we hope he makes a lot of it. The story is a good one—about a C.P.A. who goes to Los Angeles. This C.P.A. isn't like the ones you or I know; you wouldn't recommend him to Cousin Mary professionally unless she were trying to beat the income-tax laws; but he would make her a fine companion for a New Year celebration. (On second thought, you wouldn't recommend him to Cousin Mary at all; he might stop that sentence after "her.") Mr. Dodge works most of his magic by formulae (Dashiell Hammett's), but they are good formulae, particularly the one for a Bloody Mary. Of its type, all you can desire! G. R. S.

A new competition for the best non-fiction book by a working American journalist, with a first prize of $2,500, is announced by Alfred A. Knopf, well-known New York book publisher. The competition is open to any American citizen, male or female, who is regularly employed by any English-language newspaper, news magazine of general circulation, press association or syndicate. Only works of non-fiction will be considered.

Mason . . .

MUSK AND AMBER. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1942. 303 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID

MR. MASON'S dexterous hand has fashioned many a robust and adventurous yarn greatly cherished by lovers of light literature. His intensely British heroes have wrung romance out of the blistering heats of African deserts, and upheld the ethics of the old school tie amidst the subtleties of oriental etiquette. But Mr. Mason is less given to the easy repetition that our popular novelists find so rewarding than are most of his competitors. This time he is more sinister than robust. He has developed a plot that Balzac would have fancied, that some Jacobean might have borne in a frenzied nightmare. He has not, of course, wrought it into the psychological solidity that Balzac would laboriously have achieved, nor has he climbed the heights of dramatic horror that Webster or Tourneur would have scaled. He has just told a tale, but he has told it pleasantly, with lightness of touch and with dashes of humor that turn what might have been passionate tragedy into the most theatrical kind of melodrama.

The period is the eighteenth century, the setting a great Palladian English mansion and the opera-houses of Naples and Venice, and the theme is revenge, the strongly scented revenge of Sir Thomas Browne's musk and amber. The hero is Julian John Philip Challoner Carolus Scoble, Earl of Linchombe, Viscount Terceira, and Baron Hardley. Even as a child he is the epitome of all that is noble and distinguished in the British aristocracy. At the age of twelve, a blue-eyed and blond-curled seraph possessed of a ravishing soprano which Handel himself had commended, he inherits his father's titles and vast estates. He will be a great nobleman in the English tradition, an admiral whose flame will burn with that of Drake and Rodney and who will, after years of service, return to his deeply loved Grest to live out his days with wife and children. These are his dreams. But he has inherited also an elder half-sister to whose grandiose ambition he is a formidable obstacle. Her hatred is too perverted merely to plan his removal. She devises for him a future which will plumb the depths of degradation. But her demonic cruelty has results quite different from what she has planned. She has not rightly valued that ravishing voice. She produces, not the gutter-serenader who will perish in filth and shame, but a

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new Farinelli whose superb coloratura enraptures the whole of Italy and London and Europe. Through the tortuous world of theatrical jealousies, through the charnel-house of Venetian intrigue, the Earl of Linchcombe pursues only his revenge, the trail of musk and amber that is to carry him back to England and to Grest, to the midnight meeting at which the Italian song-bird bares the talons of an eagle.

The materials of the tale are grim enough. They might even be repulsive, were it not for the smooth and supple manner of the telling. It is a special tribute to Mr. Mason's skill that he can build out of them a story as trim and neat as an Adam drawing-room.

Covert . . .

END OF RECKONING. By Alice Lent Covert. New York: H. C. Kinsey & Co. 1942. 314 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by REBECCA W. SMITH

IN our social studies and literary pictures we have become conscious lately of a certain clear-cut American figure, a typical character. He is the hard, ruthless, successful money-maker of the late nineteenth century. Born poor and naturally good, he follows shrewd practices in order to get ahead, and becomes a powerful egotist. These horse-trading, successful men make powerful protagonists for fiction in spite of the fact that the novelists usually deplore their practices and point a moral in their fate. In "End of Reckoning" Alice Lent Covert repeats the old warning: The soul that sinneth—. Her hero, Jesse Trauber, an inarticulate young Missouri farmer, has the bad luck to fix his decent love upon sleazy Emma Stroud, who marries him only to save her reputation after being jilted by a city drummer. Before the baby comes, Jesse takes her, sullen and cold, to Oklahoma to try for land in the Strip. Blundering Jesse misses his chance for land, and settles instead in the frontier town of Paradise where he buys an interest in a thriving saloon.

Much violent living goes on in Paradise, all doubtless drawn from the factual happenings of Oklahoma politics and business. Through the years Jesse becomes more overbearing and less successful in holding the love even of his children. The "end of reckoning" comes when he fights his daughter Enid on an issue in which she is clearly in the right.

Mrs. Covert's novel is a facile narrative, full of lively incidents and at times of excellent vulgar, folksy talk. In spite of these merits, however, the characters, after the first six chapters, are not convincing.

Men of the Northwest

AND THERE WERE MEN. By Russell Blankenship. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 300 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

MR. BLANKENSHIP'S volume is a collection of essays on many minor and a few major characters in the history of the region, put together without coördination or connection. They seem to have come out of many Sunday magazine sections. For some of his chapters he has selected subjects who never figured importantly in the development of the Northwest or typified the region and whose careers were not especially interesting. Though lumber and railroads built the Northwest in the old days and hydroelectric power is expanding it now, not one of the men discussed by Mr. Blankenship had a part in any of these enterprises.

One chapter, however, measures up to what we could have wished of the book chapter on Joseph, the chief of the Nez Perce tribe. In these twenty-four pages Mr. Blankenship achieves his best writing and makes his greatest contribution. No one can read this chapter without feeling the quiet dignity of the Indian leader and blushing for shame at the cheap avarice of the whites.

The American Government promised Joseph and his people that they could dwell forever in the Wallowa Valley. Then the settlers saw the wide meadows and deep rivers and brought political pressure on Washington. Joseph was ordered to move on. He and his braves crossed the Wallowa Mountains and began one of the great retreats of history. They traversed the 6,100-foot canyon of the Snake River, spanned the Bitterroots and the Continental Divide and almost reached Canada. They inflicted heavy casualties on superior numbers of troops, and did all this while guarding the women and children of the tribe.

—Pen drawing by Henry C. Pitz from "Lumberjack."

Yet at last Joseph had to surrender. The Government had promised that the Indians could return to the mountains, but once more a pledge was broken. The Nez Perces were sent to the gaunt and dusty plains, where they languished and died. As an old man Joseph returned to the Northwest. He is buried there now. The great peak that broods over the Wallowas like a sentinel is called "Chief Joseph Mountain" and on windy nights farmers and ranchers think that the great redman rides his mountain trails again.

In an effective and simple bit of writing Mr. Blankenship has captured this great story. The conclusion of his chapter on Joseph, with its description of the chief's grave, tells in a few words the whole story of our dealing with the Indians. It is unfortunate for his book that neither the writing nor the subject matter of the other chapters equal the high standard of that on Chief Joseph.

In a book about the Northwest Mr. Blankenship, has chosen to ignore J. D. Ross, the public power pioneer; Lewis and Clark; Jesse Applegate; Senator Charles L. McNary; James J. Hill; the Weyerhausers, and Senator Homer Bone. William E. Borah is barely mentioned. On page five the author excludes Idaho from the Northwest and on page six he says that a traveler journeying to Idaho from the State of Washington is "in all that distance indubitably in the Northwest." Franklin D. Roosevelt has been responsible for projects which may change the entire economic patterns of the Northwest; Mr. Blankenship mentions him once, very casually. Perhaps this is because he is frankly skeptical of the value of such an undertaking as Grand Coulee.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 440)

OLIVER W. HOLMES:

MEDICAL ESSAYS

(THE YOUNG PRACTITIONER)

New ideas build their nests in young men's brains. Revolutions are not made by "men in spectacles," as I once heard it remarked. . . . The first whispers of a new truth are not caught by those who begin to feel the need of an ear-trumpet.

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HISTORY IN OUR COLLEGES

THE recommendations made during the past week by a conference of history professors in session at Stanford University to the effect that there be installed in every four-year college and university in California a "general survey course in the history of the United States" is a step toward correcting a deplorable situation. Eighty-two percent of the institutions of higher learning in this country, according to a nation-wide survey recently conducted by the *New York Times,* require no work in American history of their students as prerequisite to a degree. That is to say, approximately three-quarters of the college graduates of our land (allowing something for those who elect courses in American history) start on their careers with merely the rudimentary knowledge of American annals, American institutions, and American foreign relations which an elementary course in history taken early in school life furnishes. These are the men and women presumably about to enter on positions of responsibility and influence, the men and women who will be in the professions, provide the direction for business, fill many of the political offices. That they should have merely the most superficial acquaintance with the past of their country is shocking, and it can well be dangerous at a time when the whole world is in solution and the problems to be settled at the end of the war will demand everything that can be had of understanding and knowledge. Even in England, where American annals have hitherto been ignored and where reliable introductory textbooks of American history were practically non-existent until Professor Allan Nevins of Columbia University at the behest of the British Ministry of Information last year prepared one for British use, courses in American history are now being instituted in the colleges and instruction in the chronicles of America included in the school curriculum. It seems obvious that the teaching of American history ought to be as integral a part of our college education as the teaching of American literature.

That American interest is ripe for such teaching there seems little doubt. No one who has watched the development of American letters in recent years but must have been struck by the enormous and constantly increasing concern of America with its own past. Historical biographies have had a steadily growing vogue and the historical novel has flourished like the green bay tree. Indeed, the novel of our past has been so constantly divesting itself of the romantic character which was its distinguishing mark in the nineties of the last century as to have frequently become fictionized history rather than historical fiction. There is scarcely any section of our country, or any period of our development which has not proved fruitful soil for the teller of tales. Colonial New Hampshire, Spanish Louisiana, Mexican Texas, the French and Indian Wars, the Revolution, the Civil War, the First World War all have been grist to the mills of our writers. And the public have lapped their novels up even when they were heavily freighted with detail and so meticulous in their adherence to fact as almost to be swamped as stories.

In our camps, where the Government has installed libraries and equipped them with thousands of carefully selected volumes in addition to those gathered through the Victory Book Campaign, the librarians say that the soldiers quite unexpectedly are neglecting thrillers, and indeed fiction in general, and showing a marked preference for informational works. Studies of the war and the techniques of war, of the background of the war, histories of the combatant nations, and biographies are in constant demand. Orientation courses give the soldiers rapid surveys designed to meet the lacks in their knowledge and to give them an intelligent understanding of the questions at issue. The Government at least has recognized that the soldier who knows for what he is fighting, what he has to preserve, and the cost at which it was acquired is the better soldier for that knowledge. It is high time that our colleges should arrive at the realization that their graduates will be the better citizens for the same knowledge.

One step in the dissemination of information, some of it historical in nature and some of it immediately contemporary, that has as yet hardly come to notice is the effort now being made by the Council of Books in Wartime, organized under the OWI, to dramatize outstanding works dealing with the war and to supply lists of books giving important background information for the war news. This is a non-collegiate attempt at instruction on a large scale, a method of implementing history in the making by placing back of it the resources of the written word. It is still in its infancy but it has great potentialities of usefulness, and it is another indication that cognizance is being taken of the need for knowledge of facts as the foundation on which sound public judgment must be formed. It would be a pity if our colleges lagged behind in furnishing through courses in history the most essential basis for successful building of the future—a knowledge of the past.

A. L.

Middle Age

By Laura Benét

DEEP in the wood it is not well
To follow the elusive sun,
Or to anticipate a trail
Where young deer, fleetly timid, run.

The herbal wood holds memory's dove,
Rings multiply on aging trees,
Sweating desire one's soul to prove
Sinks into hermit's musing ease.

Once when the lightning flared we leapt,
Where thunder rolled our ardent cry
The banner of a legion swept,
Bidding ten thousand rise and die.

Now the soft twilight wood allures,
A stray bird's tranquil bubbling tone
Enough. What is it that endures
Integral as a boulder stone?

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Mr. Roberts Answers

SIR:—Those who have read Captain Frierson's book—"The English Novel in Transition"—and my review can judge whether he is right in his slightly petulant accusation that I wished him to write a "different book." In so far as I wish he had written a better book, and had not ignored so many first-rate novelists in his period, I admit I would desire the book to be different. It is, however, obviously useless to waste your space merely on matters of taste and opinion; so in my reply to his letter I will keep mostly to matters of fact.

"Does the critic seriously contend that the direction of the English novel's progress for fifty-five years has been other than realistic?" He does. English "naturalism"—I dislike the inaccurate and question-begging word "realism"—began roughly with George Moore's "A Mummer's Wife" and ends, so far as great fiction is concerned, with Arnold Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale." During that period there were many other novelists pursuing the ways of romance, fantasy, social comedy (Captain Frierson omits Anthony Hope), and imagination playing on modern life; such an author was Stella Benson, also unmentioned in "The English Novel in Transition." Before Bennett's death naturalism was out of favor; Aldous Huxley, Evelyn Waugh, R. C. Hutchinson, Storm Jameson, Rose Macaulay, Virginia Woolf, Naomi Mitchison (neglected by Captain Frierson), D. H. Lawrence, and James Joyce are as remote from naturalism as Dostoievsky, André Gide, Proust.

Captain Frierson in his letter refers to "a behavioristic 'truth' as something which emerges"—what a phrase!—from the naturalism followed by the English novelists: and also writes "that the impetus for fifty-odd years was toward truth-telling in the light of scientific materialism." Behaviorism is only the *tic psychologique of determinism; and I would refer* Captain Frierson to a sentence of Professor Frierson's (page 148 of "The English Novel in Transition"): "It is readily understandable that English novelists, who never fully accepted determinism, should not try to impose it upon a public hostile to deterministic views." He also speaks of a "lack of determinism in English fiction"—a judgment with which I agree, and would extend to all fiction. Zola was, just as much as James Joyce, a *romantic manqué.*

I am sorry that Captain Frierson cannot distinguish, or understand the distinction, between "presentation" and "content." The content (*i.e.,* the "subject matter," *vide* Webster's Dictionary) of "The Time Machine" is novel, so, in its different and superior way, is the content of "The Memoirs of a Midget": the content of D. H. Lawrence's novels can be found in the old Gothick stories which Miss Austen shuddered at, and mocked in "Northanger Abbey." Can be found, indeed, in Webster's plays. Novelty of presentation, as in Lawrence, and, more noticeably, in Gertrude Stein and James Joyce, is so much more obvious, that a new method is often confused with a new subject matter. I was not comparing the authors who write in a new manner unfavorably with those who have novelty of content, I was merely making a critical distinction.

I am very sorry if I have misled your readers about Captain Frierson's *comments on Gilbert Cannan's* "Mendel." I was misled by his own definition of his own term "life-novel" which he says (pp. 133, 134) "is virtually a new form or mode of writing in England since it is a semi-autobiographical account dealing with a person's life from birth to the discovery of the world." I was also led astray by the fact that, in a separate chapter, entitled "The Life-Novel in England," Captain Frierson gave a special study of "Mendel" as one in a group of *eight novels all of which, with one* possible exception, are autobiographical. As even those who did not know the original of "Mendel" should be able, if they had studied Cannan as an author, to realize that he could not, even if he wished, have written "a semi-autobiographical" novel, I was surprised at Captain Frierson's putting the book in the same category as "Jacob Stahl," and "Of Human Bondage."

May I end this letter with a piece of advice to a critic who, I judge, in spite of the tone and old-fashioned opinions of his letter, is younger than I? Never expect any man out of the 'teen age mentally to be disturbed at the charge that he is "not modern." Adults wish to know only whether they are right or wrong, accurate or inaccurate, true or false.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

Carmel, California.

"All we want to buy is the title of your book, and I hope you don't mind if we change it."

A Useful Truth

SIR:—The adaptation of Mr. John Mason Brown's Commencement Address at Montana State University, which appeared in the August 8th issue of *The Saturday Review,* was the most inspiring word it has been my good fortune to hear these recent months. Though subtitled "A Letter to the Young," I think it might be as appropriately addressed to the Not-So-Young. The recent graduate is yet so close to his years of academic adventure, that much of Mr. Brown's wisdom might well sound platitudinous. It is only after one has come to realize that the obvious is obscure to many people, that he recognizes a platitude as a truth which is so humble and useful that it is often ignored by the partly educated.

MARJORIE M. MACBAIN.

Crawfordsville, Ind.

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The Phoenix Nest

The No-Longer "Man of Mystery" Replies

JOHN STAPLETON COWLEY-BROWN (with some salt of his youth in him) writes us from the Hotel Windermere, Chicago:

"Towards the end of last month I was mystified to receive dunning letters from printers and papermakers, from tradesmen apparently ignorant of the statute of limitations.

"I was at a loss to account for these unseemly 'please remit' letters, until, towards the shut of a long green afternoon, *faute de mieux,* browsing through back numbers of the *Saturday Review of Literature,* in the Harper library of Rockefeller's conscience-sop, my own name stabbed me in the eye, and how!

"*Imprimis,* I never edited or wrote for the *Black Cat.*

"Now as to Mr. Donald Wright. You pontificate 'as for Mr. Wright's facts, they seem to us right in every particular.' This is incorrect; Mr. Wright is all wet.

"*10 Story Book* was not published by the publishers of *Popular Magazine.* It was started by three Hebrew business men, Messrs. Stumer, Eckstein, and Rosenthal, with a daily story syndicate attached, to which George Ade, Opie Read, and Jack London, and fifty others, wrote for the large sum of $6 per story. Then Messrs. S.E.R. sold *10 Story Book* and the Daily Story Syndicate, and started, Ray Long *duce,* the *Red Book,* the *Blue Book,* the *Green Book.*

"Mr. Wrong Wright says, 'I think, by the way, that Cowley-Brown used the term "Recent Rubbish" rather than "Recent Rot".'

"Now the name of my book page was READING AND—ROT, and at the end of each month I had a list of a dozen books in parallel columns, six listed as *Recent Books,* six as *Recent Rubbish* (these latter a selection from the current Six Worst Smellers).

"I'm sure I don't know why Mr. Wright goes out of his way to quote a Mr. Dan Casey as saying I was a man of mystery about whose background little was known.

"I have been domiciled in Chicago since 1899, and had visited the World's Fair of 1893, where I made the acquaintance of Opie Read and Stanley Waterloo, whose books, 'A Kentucky Colonel,' 'The Jacklins' (Read), 'A Man and a Woman,' 'The Story of Ab' (Waterloo) on my return to London in 1894 I took to Sir Walter Besant who induced his publishers, A. & C. Black, to publish them, Sir Walter writing an introduction to a later book of Waterloo's, 'An Odd Situation.'

[It was from Waterloo's "The Story of Ab" that Jack London got the idea for his novel of prehistoric man, "Before Adam"—Ed.]

"I never 'had gotten sour' (what writing!) because I hadn't been greeted with the acclaim of august critics such as Floyd Dell and Llewellyn Jones.

"The facts are that after the *Goose Quill* had departed this life, my friends in Chicago were Hamlin Garland, Robert Herrick, Opie Read, Stanley Waterloo, George Horton, Clarence Darrow, and Edgar Lee Masters, and I had no time for a horde of bumptious beardless brats who, spelling their art with a large *A,* and their God with a small *g,* with their mothers' milk scarce dry on their lips, became literary editors of the *Tribune, Daily News,* and *Evening Post,* and proceeded to lay down the law on matters literary to their elders and betters. I infuriated this group by saying in and out of print that it would make for the public good if these ink-stained Perkin Warbecks would stay where they came from, the trade-papers, *System,* the *American Lumberman,* the *American Haberdasher, Cloaks and Suits,* and the *Black Diamond,* and not maculate inoffensive white paper by telling their grandmothers how to extract edible matter from hen-fruit.

"In 1897 I started in London the *Anti-Philistine,* a far more pretentious magazine than the *Goose Quill.* The *Anti-Philistine* was forty years ahead of its time, and printed such American writers as Harold Frederic, Gertrude Atherton, Ambrose Bierce, Edgar Saltus, Edgar Fawcett, all this at a period when literary London was re-echoing Sydney Smith: 'In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American picture or statue?' Horace Wyndham, in his vivacious 'The Nineteen Hundreds,' has an amusing reference to the *Anti-Philistine* and its 'youthful editor.' Lord Rosebery was a kind patron, and as editor I received one of Gladstone's famous post-cards.

"After the *Goose Quill* had joined the bleaching bones of brothers who had passed before it, I wrote weekly for twenty years a book page entitled "Major and Minor" in the *Musical Leader,* and twice received from Alexander Harvey of BANG—add it to your list!—one of the best of the miniature magazines—a glowing eulogy, pronouncing it better than the *Goose Quill* and *Anti-Philistine* combined.

"What am I doing now? At the age of sixty-eight *demoror,* I am not dead, but sleeping. In these distemper'd days I read Virgil. 'When the days of school are past men with fondness return to their favorite passages of Virgil. The cadence of his verse still haunts their ear. It is said that men like Virgil better as they grow older. Such is the glory of Maro, that no man's praise can increase it, no man's censure can diminish it'."

We think pleasantly of this veteran of many literary wars, overlooking Lake Michigan at Jackson Park, and we thank him for a communication which demonstrates that he still possesses the old "fire in the belly."

About Charles Fort

Miriam Allen deFord (Mrs. Maynard Shipley) writes us from San Francisco concerning the amazing Charles Fort and his biography. She is the eminent author of the novel, "Shaken with the Wind," (Doubleday, Doran): ["The Oxford Companion to American Literature," by the way, should certainly have—which they have not—Stanley Waterloo and Charles Fort, not to mention John Stapleton Cowley-Brown who rendered such service to American Literature when England would have none of it! And we well remember Alexander Harvey's *The Bang,* because we occasionally contributed a poem to it—Harvey was very kind to our work in those days! Where is *his* notable and original figure in American letters, for all of the "Oxford Companion?"]

"This is not another letter about *The Black Cat*—though I well remember from my childhood that bewhiskered black feline on its red or yellow background.

"It is merely to catch out my good friend Earle Walbridge in an inadvertent misstatement. He did 'write the Fort biog' for 'Twentieth Century Authors,' but when the editors learned that I had known Fort well and had a lot of inside information on him they had me do another sketch, so when the book comes out if you don't like the Fort sketch as it will appear, you must blame me and not him. (Mr. Walbridge and I have been the principal contributors to the H. W. Wilson Co.'s 'Twentieth Century Authors,' in preparation the last four years.

"Fort was a strange genius, often wrongheaded but with nothing of the charlatan about him. I have all his four books and many of his letters, written in the same characteristic gnomic style which he used in the books. They are the most fascinating reading in the world, especially if one have sufficient grounding in science to be able to check on his interpretations; his facts, without the sometimes grotesque interpretations, were

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always carefully authenticated, however startling they might be.

"I wish someone would compile a bibliography of the smaller literary magazines in America, as apart from the fiction magazines of the *Black Cat* type. I am thinking of periodicals like *The Miscellany* and *The Quarterly Notebook,* to both of which I contributed articles *circa* 1916. The archetype, of course, was *Reedy's Mirror.* Probably *American Notes & Queries* would prove a useful source of information for anyone compiling such a list.

"To revert for one more instant to Fort, 'New Lands' and 'Lo!' are separate books, not one together as you have them. "Lo!" is just the kind of title Fort would like. And there is no interrogation point after 'Wild Talents' (Fort's posthumous work)—he had no doubt at all of the existence of his special brand of witchcraft!"

And—The Blue Mule!

And finally, here at last is somebody who knows about the *Blue Mule.* It is Winona Godfrey of Los Angeles. She tells us:

"I have been waiting for some one else to confess a past stretching back to *The Blue Mule,* but as no one seems so inclined, I suppose I shall have to come forward. No less than four of my youthful efforts (and how youthful!) appeared in *The Blue Mule.* Unfortunately I did not preserve any whole magazine, just removed my own treasures, and can find only one title-page and index dated Vol. II, No. I—February, 1907.

"Henry Anderson Lafler was the editor, and the little magazine, printed on blue paper in a darker blue ink and decorated with cavorting Blue Mules, was addressed at 24 Clay St., San Francisco. Copyright 1906 by The Blue Mule Publishing Co., subscriptions 50c a year, single copies 5c. Mr. Lafler wrote poetry, too. I find a long poem of his in these old files, looks as if it had been clipped from the *Overland Monthly,* which was quite a magazine in those days.

"This *Blue Mule* of February, 1907, opens with a story, 'The Right of the Line,' by Peter B. Kyne, and contained seven stories. A good many of the beginning writers of the period appeared in the *Blue Mule,* including Jack London, I think.

"*The Bohemian Magazine,* on slick paper, $1.00 a year, 10c a number, was published by the same company as *The Gray Goose,* at Deposit, N. Y. I seem to have had stories in both.

"Well, well, the *Blue Mule!* I hadn't thought of it for many a day. And thank you for making me remember it with a smile."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WHO WROTE THIS?

The Corpse at the Table

WHEN I first heard the story of the two blizzard-bound men on the mountain, I assumed that it was part of the folklore of the Adirondack region. I used it as the background of a short story in *Collier's,* some thirty-five years ago. At that time I thought it likely that a definite clue to the actual facts might be brought out. Since then, I have questioned many of my fellow alumni of Hamilton College, where I first heard the tale, and, though many of them recall it, none is able to identify the origin. Therefore it may well be that it is folklore on the imaginative rather than on the realistic side, and that some forgotten writer set it down in some forgotten medium. But who and where?

The October blizzard had caught the two surveyors wholly unprepared in the heart of the Adirondacks. They were Charles Carney and Stephen Estelow, old working companions and close friends. Through gale and drift they floundered doggedly all day, Estelow, powerfully built and more youthful, giving aid to his slender mate who was spent in body and spirit.

Now, as light was failing, Estelow gave a cry of hope. Straight-drawn against the darkening whirl ran a feathery line.

"The wire! The telegraph wire."

"Yes; but where to?" coughed Carney. "And how far? I'm going to burrow in and sleep."

"No you're not," Estelow commanded. "This must be the line the government survey strung last spring from their shack to railhead at North Creek. All we have to do now is climb. Come on!"

He urged and dragged his weakening companion up through the woods until, after a half hour of struggle, they reached the cabin. They were in luck. Wood was plentiful. Some ears of dried corn lay on the shelf. A storm-bound porcupine whimpered in a tree top. Estelow shot it with his revolver. Starvation was a remote threat. But by now Carney was ill, burning with fever. After firing the stove to red-

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—THE NEW YORK TIMES

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heat, Estelow got him to bed in the inner room. In the morning he might be better.

The telegraph was a hope. Carney could "send." Weak though he was after a night of pain, he staggered out to the table and opened the switch.

The operator at North Creek thought himself crazy when he received the first call from Lonely Hill. The code was halting but intelligible. Two men marooned on the summit, one with pneumonia. Well, God help them! Man could not. Not yet. The blizzard raged with mounting fury. Twenty-four hours later another message chattered across the wire. Now it was wild with delirium. The cabin was under siege by hideous beasts, by white-winged angels, fiends whose fiery eyes glowed through the storm. The Morse shivered into incoherence.

Estelow had carried his frail companion back to bed. Again and again in semi-lucid intervals next morning Carney managed to crawl to the table and sit at the key, tapping out stuttering Morse. But North Creek no longer got the calls. The line had gone dead, borne down by snow and wind.

Toward evening, Estelow once more tucked his delirious companion into bed and went outdoors in search of firewood. He returned to find Carney seated before the transmitter. His face was composed.

"Steve," said the sick man quietly, "Steve, I think I'm dying. But, Steve," Carney pleaded with burning eyes, "don't bury me until you're sure I'm dead. It might be only a coma." He gasped. "Don't, Steve, don't bury me alive—" His voice trailed off in a whisper.

Estelow's grief-stricken voice and eyes gave a solemn promise.

What followed in the next days Estelow faithfully entered, item by item, in his diary. It was while he was making a stew, that evening, with the last of the porcupine, that his sick friend rose, crept to his place at the table, and there died. Testing for pulse and breath, Estelow made sure of death.

Rigor mortis gave the heartsick survivor convincing evidence for burial. With a fire-spade he scooped a hole in a high drift, set the body in it, said a prayer, and shovelled in the snow. He passed a night of grisly dreams, waking once, chilled to the heart with what he took to be a cold sweat.

In the morning when he crawled out of bed and went to replenish the fire, Charles Carney was sitting at the table, motionless, speechless, staring. . . .

All that day, his mind frozen in a stupor of horror and incredulity, Estelow left the corpse untouched while he tramped through the drifts outside, seeking food. At nightfall, summoning all his mental powers to keep a grip on reality, he returned Charles Carney's body to the insufficient grave. In his kit was a flask still half full of brandy. He drank it all and went to bed.

To force himself out in the morning demanded a mighty effort of will. For a full minute he stood, shivering and shaking, before he could open the door to the main room.

Charles Carney was seated there at the table as before.

"I shall try to keep my sanity to the last," Estelow wrote in his record. "If he comes back again, I shall know what to do." Again he tramped the woods all day, wildly reasoning with himself. He was probably suffering hallucinations. But he certainly wasn't crazy. Maybe it was all a vivid nightmare. He returned to the shack, flung open the door.

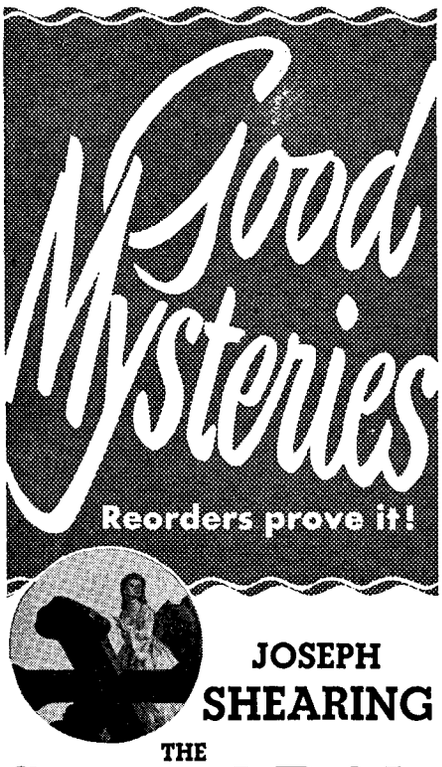
There Charles Carney still sat.

After the third burial that evening Estelow was afraid to go to bed. He sat across the table from the empty chair and fought against sleep. Exhaustion overcame him. His head fell forward — — —

Gray dawn awoke him. Blurred in the gloom, Charles Carney again sat opposite. The eyes stared at nothingness.

"God help me," Estelow wrote. It was the last entry.

The rescue party, two woodsmen, a physician, and Clark, the North Creek telegraph operator, thrust their snowshoed feet wearily up the last slope to the cabin. It was without sign of life. No smoke rose from the chimney. Hu-



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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
CHINESE RED *Richard Burke* (Putnams: $2.)	Body in bunk of fake dive in Manhattan's Chinatown turns out to be wealthy local playboy and Quinny Hite gets busy.	Glamorous cast of characters, including fetching Chinese girl, shrewd sleuthing and incessant action—and with flavoring of breezy humor.	Fast and colorful
HANDSOME BUT DEAD *Alberta H. Wahl* (Howell, Soskin: $2.)	Irresistible fiancé of madly-in-love girl killed at engagement party. Sister and pleasant sleuth solve it and end in clinch.	Family affair with some good characters, tailor-made writing, certain improbabilities and denouement with an extra thrill or two.	Average
DREADFUL HOLLOW *Irina Karlova* (Vanguard Press: $2.)	Strange occupants of English Grange imperil life of young girl. Local doctor suspects evil, reads old documents and calls police.	Malevolent old woman, equally vicious one of uncertain age, a stuffed wolf, an hypnotist, murdered child and other familiar props.	See title

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man footprints formed a deep trail from the door to a snow drift curiously hollowed out. The doctor pushed open the door. The interior was silent and bitingly cold. At the table sat two dead men.

Both had been shot through the head. Estelow had slumped forward in a pool of blood, now congealed. The revolver lay on the floor beneath his lax right hand. Carney sat propped upright in his chair. His eyes were open, his expression calm.

"Murder and suicide," exclaimed the telegrapher. "Poor devils!"

The doctor had been examining the bodies. "Not murder," he said. He touched Carney's forehead. "No blood here. The man was already dead when shot. And, I think, frozen."

The five rescuers exchanged looks of utter mystification. One of the woodsmen picked up Estelow's diary and handed it to the doctor. He mused over it, then went outside to study the prints in the snow. When he returned he lighted his pipe, smoked thoughtfully, and finally spoke.

"Friends, for the sake of the families of the dead, I bind you all to secrecy. I am a coroner. It is my official verdict that Charles Carney and Stephen Estelow came to their death by cold, hunger, and privation. Is that understood?"

One after another the men nodded their agreement. It was the North Creek telegrapher who spoke haltingly, in a hushed tone of bewilderment.

"I'd sleep easier—if I could know—what happened."

"And I," said the doctor. "The best we can do is a guess. I think that the shock of Carney's death and the nervous horror of loneliness started Estelow sleepwalking. If we find that he was a sleepwalker in childhood, I shall be almost sure. This is what happened, as I read it. At night in his sleep, Estelow dug out the body from where he had buried it and put it back in the chair where he had last seen his friend alive. Why? Who can know? The desperate loneliness of his position perhaps. And a subconscious effort to comply with his solemn assurance to Carney that he would be absolutely certain of death. That, at least, would explain the shooting. At any rate, the exhumation was repeated once and again. Some subtle instinct must have tried to warn Estelow, after the second return, that he must not lose his hold on consciousness, but nature was too strong for him. Again he slept and the demon of somnambulism took charge of his actions. At the last his spirit gave way under the strain."

Estelow's record was destroyed and the two bodies consigned to the depths of a mountain lake.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS.

Australian Literature

ELSIE BRIGGS

TO write fully and comprehensively on Australian literature, from the odes of Barron Field to the latest island story of Beatrice Grimshaw would require more space than is allotted here and more knowledge than I admittedly possess on the subject; but from this vast field perhaps the most outstanding among them were my boon companions and my only contact with the world of white men and their affairs, during my childhood on the Solomon Islands; and I came to know and love them as other American children loved the tales of Hawthorne, Irving, Longfellow, and Emerson.

I never heard of these writers until I entered the Brisbane Grammar School and was astonished to learn that, in Australia, my own country was very well thought of in terms of literary accomplishment; whereupon I immediately ditched Field, Wentworth, Thompson, Harpur and Gordon to study the home market, but, as St. Augustine wept over Dido, "exstinctam ferroque extrema secutam" (See his "Confessions"), I could not forget my early training, deep called unto deep, and as soon as possible I went back to the bush; let those sit under the spreading chestnut tree who may.

Telling the story as briefly as possible, we were missionaries. That is . . . my aunt and uncle with whom I lived were "bush preachers," and I was only five when we went from Queensland to the Solomon Islands, where I grew up making companions of people who lived in books, for the other children on the island were cannibals, and had many ideas about the elementary facts of life, which my aunt did not wish me to share.

My uncle, a graduate of the University of Melbourne, talked nothing but books. He was an omnivorous reader and the habit of a life time, indulged through long periods of solitude, had developed in him a good measure of artistic appreciation. He was a littérateur!

His library delighted him, that is most of it, and he only went to "the mainland," as we called Australia, to replenish it. A battered copy of Charles Harpur's poems was the first

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book outside of the Bible that I ever read and it came from a second hand book store in Brisbane, "The Gateway to the Tropics." (See American Express Company ad.)

You can start an argument in Australia any day over Harpur. By many he is considered the beginning of Australian literature in any proper sense of the term, but just as many will go to bat for Barron Field, the New South Wales Supreme Court judge, and friend of Charles Lamb, who actually did publish the first book of poetry in that far island continent, "The First Fruits of Australian Poetry," which is widely read and quoted to this day.

But Harpur was a product of the bush, where he was born at Windsor, New South Wales, in 1817. He farmed most of his life, though he was, at intervals, a postal official in Sydney and gold commissioner at Araluen.

He had bad luck of various kinds and though while in Sydney he came in touch with the literary circle, which had not long been formed there, that circle was extremely small, the colony was not yet ripe for poetry, and he had little opportunity or encouragement.

It was just ninety-eight years ago that his first collection of poetry was published. The name of the book was "Thought . . . A Series of Sonnets," and it first saw the light of day in Sydney in 1845. "The Oxford Book of Australian Verse" contains some of Harpur's works and I believe I am correct in saying that the Mitchell Library, Sydney, has the original copy of a five act play he wrote on bush life and all the Australian school children quote him glibly . . . with gestures.

But if you want to get into the real romance of Australian literature and see what makes it tick, take Michael Massey Robinson. Aye, there's a man for you and it was Australia and a London jurist that made him a poet. Robinson was an Oxford scholar and English attorney, with a weakness for verse-making and blackmail.

He did so well with the latter that he was transported to the penal settlement in New South Wales in 1798 and became a member in good standing of the convict barracks at Port Jackson, under the supervision of Governor Macquarie. After some vicissitudes of fortune he won the favor of the governor who granted him a conditional pardon. During these years of grace Robinson wrote twenty-one odes to Australia, members of the Royal Family and Governor Macquarie. They were all published in the *Sydney Gazette* and in the course of years have found their way into the best that is Australia. Legend has it that a verse written by Robinson, describing Sydney Harbor so exquisitely as to suggest that here was a writer of genius, prompted Governor Macquarie to encourage the young convict to turn himself inside out as thoroughly as possible to the lasting benefit of humanity. If this is so, some biographer had better get busy for here is mettle most attractive.

Naturally there are those who will always argue that there is no such thing as Australian literature, that it is English, and they will always say it, no matter from what point you argue; but, I see it in this way . . . St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, as well as the rest of the sacred books on which Christianity is founded, was written, not in the local tongue of Judea, nor in that of Imperial Rome, but in the language of Greece, but we do not refer to the Bible as Greek literature, and, if you will pardon the comparison, we, who love Aus-

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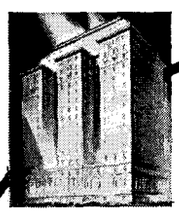

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Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FAVORITE FOODS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

Do you recall the culinary peculiarities of the famous literary characters that are mentioned below? Five correct answers is par, 6 or 7 is very good, and 8 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 18.

1. When Cock Robin proposed to Jenny Wren, he promised that she should dine on (a) candied sunflower seeds (b) curds and whey (c) plum cake and sugar candy (d) cherry pie and currant wine (e) hot cross buns.

2. During office hours, Nero Wolfe, the huge detective, sits at his desk and drinks vast quantities of (a) beer (b) coffee (c) water (d) milk (e)bromo seltzer.

3. Prince Florizel of Bohemia was intrigued into joining the Suicide Club by a young man who had just spent the last of his fortune on (a) a round of champagne for the house (b) several dozen cream tarts (c) a sack of salted peanuts (d) a dish of pickled onions (e) a glass of tomato juice and a couple of aspirin tablets.

4. The wife of the Vicar of Wakefield was widely known for the excellence of her (a) pork pies (b) stuffed sausage (c) gooseberry wine (d) chocolate layer cake, (e) apple dumplings.

5. During the three years that Ben Gunn was marooned on Treasure Island he dreamed of eating (a) toasted cheese (b) roast goose (c) fish and chips (d) stuffed celery (e) plum pudding.

6. After devouring a cake on which the words EAT ME were beautifully marked in currants, Alice (a) became so small that she had to swim in the tears she had shed not long before (b) expanded like a telescope until she was nine feet tall (c) couldn't remember her name (d) was able to go through the looking glass (e) became a queen.

7. Much to the disgust of the 17-year-old Willie Baxter, his little sister Jane was always publicly munching on (a) bubble gum (b) licorice sticks (c) peanut brittle (d) chocolate covered peppermints (e) bread and butter and applesauce and powdered sugar.

8. After his encounter with the tigers, Little Black Sambo was so hungry that he ate (a) 11 tiger steaks (b) 24 barbecued pork chops (c) 17 coconut pies (d) 87 watermelons (e) 169 pancakes.

9. Algernon Moncrieff, in "The Importance of Being Earnest," invited his aunt to tea, but before she arrived he ate all of the (a) caviar (b) macaroons (c) crumpets (d) scones (e) cucumber sandwiches.

10. According to the nursery rhyme, King Arthur stole the ingredients and then cooked a (a) bag pudding (b) meat pie (c) strawberry tart (d) oatmeal cake (e) Welsh rarebit.

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tralia, do not refer to its inspiration as English, no matter what its national characteristics may be.

When I was about sixteen I sat up all night in my mosquito-netted bed, reading Henry Kingsley, by the light of a hurricane lantern. This excellent writer, who was completely overshadowed by the brilliant success and European fame achieved by his elder brother, Charles, went out to Australia in 1853, fresh from Oxford, to seek his fortune on the goldfields. As might be expected he found no nuggets and was altogether an unsuccessful colonist. Despairing of making his fortune he returned to England, married, and wrote several novels in most of which may be found evidence that he possessed in a high degree the true genius of the story-teller; his stories were true Australian tales of the bush that have been the chief inspiration of much Australian literature. But for Henry Kingsley no enduring literary record would have come down to us of those early pioneer settlers who are the true founders of the present Australian commonwealth. In "Geoffrey Hamlyn" and the "Hillyars and Burtons," we may see these men in their habit, as they lived, and the Australian girls and women are equal to our own of the covered wagon days.

Kingsley's most popular disciple and follower is Rolf Boldrewood, whose novels of bush life and incidents have achieved a well deserved popularity in England as well as in Australia. His novels are wholesome out-of-door stories, full of movement and fresh air, thoroughly Australian, and splendidly descriptive. But not every Australian writer wrote of the bush.

When I went to college in Sydney, Mrs. Campbell Praed was all the rage with her romantic statesman-like heroes. There's a writer for you! She is par excellence the novelist of Queensland and her field was politics. Her "Policy and Passion," was a very accurate picture of political life in the Northern colony and had all of us girls in a dither to meet a man like its hero Longbeat in real life.

Another woman writer to create her own field was Mrs. Cross, the wife of a Victorian clergyman who wrote under the name of "Ada Cambridge" and became one of the leading novelists of the day, a remarkable achievement for one whose books were always moral and decent.

Our thatched house was really a library. Each of the rooms was lined with books, all with their edges carefully varnished against the ravages of book-destroying insects peculiar to the South Seas and it was with one of these books in my hands, while sitting on a coral reef at low tide (it can be done with a cushion in the right place) that I first made my acquaintance with Adam Lindsey Gordon.

Here was a tragedy if there ever was one, not his books, but the man, who blew out his brains on the beach one night when his estate in Scotland passed from his hands on account of his inability to prove a valid title. The one person who might have saved him was a Roman Catholic priest, Father Woods, Gordon's best and only friend in Australia, but the Reverend Tenison Woods was far away in the bush visiting his itinerant parishioners. Gordon, the son of a soldier who became a professor of Oriental Languages, is considered by some the finest Australian poet who ever lived. Others say he could write and publish doggerel as bad as Byron's worst. But his one poem that happens to fulfill all conditions was the one I had with me that day, "The Rhyme of the Joyous Guard." There is nothing Australian about it, but Australians may at least be proud that it was written in Australia by a man who, from his early youth, adopted that country as his own.

Gordon's suicide left a void in Australian culture that was never filled until the event of Mr. A. B. Paterson, known to the *Bulletin* readers as "Banjo." His book, "The Man from Snowy River," went through four editions (something unthought of) and has since been published by Macmillan in London. Like many an Australian writer Paterson was born to write epics. So were Gordon and others. Their countrymen are an epic race, impressed with the dignity of their traditions and accustomed to hearing the glorious deeds of their ancestors acclaimed abroad.

If few now stand at the crest of the hill, who can tell what the future may bring as the struggle for white supremacy now begins in the Pacific?

DO WE LEARN FROM HISTORY?

(*Continued from page 4*)

dition. Cromwell and his generals did the same sort of thing that is now being done in Europe in invaded countries. When Ireland was conquered the natives had to be shifted before the division of the spoils could begin. On the western seaboard was the province of Connacht, supposed to contain the least fruitful lands: this was fixed on as a sort of ghetto for the native lords and their retainers. "To hell or to Connacht with you," said Cromwell. It was the leaders he especially wanted out of the way. In the trek westward went the ancestors of many of the well known Irish families of the present day; there went the owners of the great Irish names—"those princes," as the poet Egan O'Rahilly said, "whom my ancestors served since the time of Christ." There went the Lady Dunsany of the period who died on the way. There, it was said, went the descendants of Edmund Spenser, and there to this day in Connacht are the descendants of the people Cromwell dispossessed. They talk of it all as if it had happened yesterday, and of the descendants of the Cromwellians as if they were still the same dour, ignorant, and ill-bred troopers who first took away their lands. Some of the dispossessed went neither "to hell nor to Connacht": they took refuge in the mountains, in huts and cabins, waiting for the day when they could get back their possessions. Many of the defeated armies went to the continent, some of the younger people of both sexes were sold into slavery in the West Indies; some lived to fight another day, and were once more "worsted in the game" in

THE LITERARY PULSE . . .

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the Williamite wars; there was again a flight to the continent.—

> The morning breeze will wing us
> Across the seas and bring us
> To wave a brand and take our stand
> Among the sons of France.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> For, Sean O'Dwyer a glanna,
> We were worsted in the game.

That the Bowens were not amongst the worst of the spoilers, that they settled down to become Irish, there seems to be good evidence. For one thing, the bulk of them were educated in Ireland and not in the English public schools as was the habit with the descendants of the invaders. Miss Bowen's recent ancestors were educated in St. Columbia's college near Dublin. But they had somehow to acquire an English accent, for, as the author points out, to speak with an Irish accent (or even an American accent) was regarded as underbred. Her father practised as a barrister in Dublin; he would have been surprised, doubtless, to be considered as anything but an Irishman, for, to be sure, the Cromwellians and the Williamites often became patriotic citizens of the country they dispoiled, and some of them, indeed, have figured in the latest rebellions against England. The author of this review guesses that the president of present-day Ireland and one of its greatest poets, Douglas Hyde, is of Cromwellian ancestry. "If Ireland did not accept them," the author of "Bowen's Court" remarks, "they did not know it, and it is in that unawareness of being looked at from some secretive, opposed life that the Anglo-Irish native dignity and even tragedy seems to stand. Themselves they felt Irish and acted as Irishmen." Not always, it should be objected, for their chief feeling was for their property and to hold it they were dependant on English force and military forces, and this kept them for ever apart from the historic Irish nation. The newcomers never really seemed to own the lands they held. "Only the dispossessed," says Elizabeth Bowen dramatically, "can find their way across their lands in the dark." A real message from history, for invaders can ever learn from history.

But if they were never accepted, the Puritans left strong marks on the country they tried to take over; they left their Puritanism with its touch of insanity, or maybe added their Puritanism to a native one; they brought in some dismal superstitions; the native Irish had got along with fairies—the Shee—the Land of the Ever Living; the Puritans brought in a belief in witches. The native Irish had been getting along nicely in Christianity with the gospels and the psalms, along with the sword and slaughter they brought in Bible reading. The Puritans imposed a Calvinism, and this was added to through so many Irish being educated at the Jansenist schools and colleges abroad when education was forbidden to Catholics in Ireland.

Though Elizabeth Bowen does not understand it all, she understands a great deal, but to know thoroughly the period that she writes of it is necessary to read that very revealing book, Daniel Corkery's "The Hidden Ireland," written from the side of the dispossessed. In spite of all she leaves out and all she soft pedals, no section of Irish history has been written of in our day with more distinguished talent and imagination than this by a daughter of the Cromwellians and with such love and such power of rendering the physical features of the countryside.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Cherry pie and currant wine.
2. Beer.
3. Several dozen cream tarts.
4. Gooseberry wine.
5. Toasted cheese.
6. Expanded like a telescope.
7. Bread and butter and applesauce and powdered sugar.
8. 169 pancakes.
9. Cucumber sandwiches.
10. Bag pudding.

Indians to the South

INDIANS OF SOUTH AMERICA. By Paul Radin. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. (American Museum of Natural History). 1942. 306 pp., bibliography, illustrated. $4.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

POPULARIZATION of science is one of the most difficult forms of writing. It requires not only a writer's gift combined with deep knowledge of the subject, but also a rare ability to simplify complex matters without falsifying them and to present the evidence concerning disputed theories without losing the reader's interest in a swamp of detail. When so great an institution as the American Museum of Natural History decides to issue an important series of such books handsomely and richly done, one hopes for the unusual.

The Science Series did in fact get off to a splendid start with Valliant's "Aztecs of Mexico," then fell on its face with "Indians of the United States," a book which combined the assumption that laymen can't think with a hodge-podge attempt to be encyclopedic. Dr. Radin's ambitious attempt to capture the whole continent of South America in a single noose stands in between the two.

As we should expect from a scientific writer of his experience, he does not merely hand us a series of static descriptions of tribes past and present, but sees humanity in South America as what it really is, a process, ever-changing, ever-moving. Into the continent came many migrations, civilizations grew up, changed, were overrun, spread their influences. The coming of the white man is only the most recent factor in a never-ending development. Crediting the ordinary reader, rightly, with a desire for something more than a *National Geographic* gruel of the exotic and odd, he is not afraid to make him think. All of this is to the good.

Unhappily, Dr. Radin's fancy was caught by a historical accident—that the first strip of mainland discovered by Columbus was also the gateway through which the Arawak Tribes were bringing in the latest new influences to the heart of the continent. He starts his account backwards with them, then trapped in his geography continues in a spiral which prevents a clear sequence; to a layman it is even incoherent. Along with this, deeply immersed in his subject and aware of the importance and controversial nature of the reconstructions of history which are, rightly, his prime interest, the writer tends to concentrate on the items which support or oppose his argument. An ethnologist conversant with South America will follow him readily enough. An ordinary man is confused, the significance of the items chosen is not always apparent to him, lacking a simple descriptive background to start from as well as a broad, all-over statement of what the writer intends to prove and by what method, in many places he is bewildered by an argument without context.

In addition there are some unnecessary faults of style, unclear or awkward sentences, repetitions, some self-contradictions, a few mere carelessnesses such as the statement that the Siouan tribes originally ranged from Louisiana "to the South Atlantic." These spoil what would otherwise be better than average writing of its type.

The primary good qualities of the book's conception are obscured by secondary faults. Adding up the list, the Science Series is so far a disappointment to those who hope that it will produce a distinguished, adequate library of popular reference.

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The Crostics Club

ADCer proud of his record is Mortimer E. Cooley, Dean Emeritus of the School of Engineering and Architecture of Michigan University. He first wrote me from an arthritis bed in the Army and Navy Hospital, Hot Springs, Ark., in 1936. (From time to time doctors have suggested that our DCs be made adjuncts to hospitals as pain absorbers!) Unlike Joanna C. Colcord, N. Y. City, another keen DCer of long standing, who times her puzzling and likes to know the time records of others, Dr. Cooley deliberately makes one last a week, having developed a regular schedule of steps to this end. Not long ago he thought of sending me a sea-going puzzle in which most of the words were nautical: "For instance, the Battle of Mobile Bay in which Admiral Farragut, standing in the rigging, said to the Captain, 'Go ahead, damn the torpedoes' or something along that general line." (Dr. Cooley returned to Annapolis in '38 for his sixtieth anniversary!)

Frequent suggestions to make DCs dealing thus with one subject have been made to me. I tried it once with Shakespeare. I did it successfully in a music DC for an anniversary of the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony League and once in a fashion DC for *Harper's Bazaar*. But more often it has not been worth the candle. It is easy enough to utilize thus specifically a dozen words but the letters left over do not easily lend themselves to further exploitation. It takes several attempts and a choice of several quotations to make it work, and a book of such would consume a lot of time.

Although Dr. Cooley did not send that home-made DC, twice he sent me a more substantial tribute, "in salutation for the hunting" my DCs have afforded him, in cans of pure cane syrup and big pecans from his Georgia farm. When I moved from home to a club (where I had no chance to break my hand-bones in cracking pecans!) Dr. Cooley graciously offered me a supply of "Kream of the Teche Pepper Sauce for oysters on the half-shell, a poem sans rhyme, rhythm or meter." At Xmas his original greetings are always most choice.

I have carried my DC making up to the checking process wherein I make sure that no one letter has been used twice, that no two letters in one word in the quotation appear in one word to be guessed, and that in the main the puzzler receives the right clues for further progress. These checkings and supplying the letter index constitute the drudgery of evolving the puzzles. Does Wallace M. Davis or any other Crostics Club member wish anything further?

E. S. K.

1 - M	2 - L	3 - B		4 - A	5 - R		6 - A	7 - L	8 - W		9 - C	10 - W		11 - K	12 - W	13 - H
14 - E	15 - C	16 - X		17 - P	18 - R	19 - N	20 - C	21 - O		22 - P	23 - X	24 - Y	25 - S	26 - D	27 - M	28 - J
29 - V	30 - G	31 - H		32 - O	33 - F		34 - V	35 - A	36 - G	37 - E		38 - M	39 - F	40 - R	41 - C	42 - N
	43 - C	44 - D	45 - G		46 - V	47 - T	48 - G	49 - K	50 - M	51 - H	52 - P	53 - L		54 - B	55 - A	56 - D
57 - I		58 - P	59 - T	60 - R	61 - X	62 - A		63 - W	64 - D	65 - H	66 - Q	67 - G		68 - K	69 - O	70 - J
71 - V	72 - Q		73 - C	74 - D	75 - U	76 - A	77 - O		78 - G	79 - I	80 - D		81 - H	82 - F	83 - N	84 - G
85 - K		86 - Q	87 - O	88 - X	89 - I	90 - A	91 - B	92 - Y		93 - V	94 - U	95 - K	96 - T	97 - R	98 - X	
99 - N	100 - Q	101 - F		102 - P	103 - T	104 - J	105 - N	106 - Q	107 - L		108 - I	109 - Y	110 - H	111 - T	112 - K	113 - X
114 - J		115 - I	116 - M		117 - M	118 - V	119 - X	120 - J	121 - U	122 - T	123 - H		124 - E	125 - D		126 - M
127 - S	128 - W	129 - K	130 - H	131 - V	132 - J	133 - Y	134 - A	135 - Q	136 - R	137 - U	138 - B		139 - E	140 - I		141 - A
142 - D		143 - U	144 - W		145 - S	146 - U	147 - C	148 - V	149 - B		150 - B	151 - J		152 - O	153 - D	
154 - F	155 - E	156 - X	157 - Q	158 - O		159 - C	160 - D		161 - T	162 - L	163 - U	164 - P	165 - A	166 - X	167 - V	168 - H
169 - F		170 - H	171 - X	172 - J	173 - E	174 - S	175 - Q	176 - N	177 - O	178 - A	179 - U					

Double-Crostics: No. 441

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 9 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. To harmonize with (3 wds.)

B. Paravanes (Nav.)

C. Wailed.

D. Englishmen (used by Celts).

E. Infuses; introduces.

F. Cognition through direct and self-evident knowledge (Psychol.)

G. Indicative of strength and vigor (Psychol.)

H. American novelist (1869-).

I. Drink of ale mixed with spirits (2 wds.)

J. Always of forbidding aspect.

K. Brilliant and showy luster.

L. Designating the 24th star in a constellation.

M. Away from the shore (Naut.)

N. Bilingual.

O. Inferential.

P. Performing the proper functions.

Q. Going full-tilt (slang).

R. First "King" of the English (827-839).

S. Equips.

T. Character in *Cymbeline*.

U. A blind Theban Soothsayer (Odysseus in Hades).

V. Author of a book that revolutionized economic theory (1776).

W. Legalism.

X. Famous old hunting ballad.

Y. Character in "Antony and Cleopatra."

WORDS

6 55 141 90 178 76 134 4 165 62 35

150 149 54 91 3 138

20 15 73 41 159 43 147 9

153 56 160 142 80 74 64 26 44 125

139 173 155 124 14 37

33 39 101 154 82 169

67 78 84 45 30 36 48

170 123 81 65 51 130 31 13 110 168

79 115 140 108 89 57

172 104 114 120 70 151 132 28

95 11 112 49 85 129 68

2 162 53 107 7

27 116 1 38 117 50 126

42 105 83 176 19 99

32 158 77 152 21 69 177 87

52 22 164 58 17 102

100 175 157 135 86 66 106 72

5 60 18 136 40 97

25 127 145 174

59 161 122 96 103 111 47

75 121 146 163 179 94 143 137

148 46 167 93 131 118 29 34 71

8 10 128 12 144 63

166 171 16 23 98 88 61 156 113 119

24 109 133 92

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TRADE WINDS

SCARCELY a day goes by at our office but somebody writes in to inquire about the safety and whereabouts of Gertrude Stein and her lifelong companion, Alice B. Toklas. Not many people even claim to understand the intricacies of Miss Stein's prose style, but millions admire her rugged and magnificent personality. I am pleased to report that she is safe, well, and reasonably happy at her villa in Bilignin in unoccupied France, a bare thirty miles from the once fashionable spa of Aix-la-Chapelle. The ladies do their own gardening, cooking, and housekeeping, but this works no special hardship on them because they never could tolerate servants getting in their way and generally ended up by doing everything themselves anyhow. My last letter from Gertrude Stein was mailed in May, 1942. She is working on a new novel which she calls "Mrs. Reynolds." She has lost track of her famous Parisian friends, but the entire village population continues to come to her for advice and solace. That is why she flatly refused to come back home when she still had the opportunity. "I belong here and I think these people need me," she wrote. Miss Stein can write very clearly when occasion demands!

The last time that I saw Gertrude Stein was in 1936, when Jo Davidson and I flew down for a weekend at Bilignin. In accordance with her instructions, we flew to Geneva, although we discovered later that the airport at Lyons was twenty miles nearer her home, not to mention an hour and a half airtime closer to Paris. Gertrude had just been reading some poetry by Pablo Picasso. "I read his poems," she told us happily, "and then I seized him by both shoulders and shook him good and hard. 'Pablo,' I said, 'go home and paint'!" Miss Stein was so pleased and engrossed in her story that we lost our way at least ten times on the way to her home. We went through one village three times. The last time the children waved to us as old friends. Arrived at long last in Bilignin, Gertrude stopped the car to greet every passerby and ask them pointblank the most intimate questions about their loves and business affairs, all of which they answered cheerfully and in voluminous detail. As soon as we got home, Alice threw the cook out of the kitchen and whipped us up a soufflé that I shall never forget. The July first issue of *Vogue* reprints some excellent photographs of the ladies and their villa, taken by Therese Bonney some months after the collapse of France. Both of them look fit and ready for anything.

Gertrude Stein really won the hearts of the American public when she revisited the United States in 1931. It was just after the Dillinger case had been wound up, and Gertrude said that she was replacing Dillinger as the sensation of the moment. Reporters who came to scoff at her were charmed by her ready wit. When she made a short for the newsreels, Miriam Hopkins and Mary Pickford helped her make up. Broadway loiterers stopped her for autographs. In Washington she stayed at the White House as a matter of course. The morning that she arrived in Hollywood, she demanded that Dashiell Hammett, Charlie Chaplin, and Dorothy Parker be produced for a dinner party that evening. They not only came, but boasted about it later. Gertrude even shouted down the arrogant Mr. Woollcott. "I guess she hasn't been back long enough to know that nobody ever dares to dispute Woollcott," he explained weakly, but he was at her feet for the rest of her stay here.

Nobody would ever have mistaken Gertrude and Alice for devotees of Bergdorf Goodman. They were not interested in ensembles. Both of them were champion dawdlers. At the last moment they would dress themselves in whatever garments happened to be handy and sally forth. In those days there was an employment agency for domestics located directly below the Random House offices. Gertrude arrived for luncheon one day a full hour late and announced cheerfully, "That fool elevator boy of yours dumped us out at the employment agency. He thought we were cooks!"

Moss Hart once asked her if she had written any other plays besides "Four Saints in Three Acts." "Of course I have," answered Gertrude. "Seventy-seven to be exact!" At a party at my hotel apartment one evening she demanded a pot of boiled water long after the kitchen downstairs had closed. "Let me boil it for you, Miss Stein," volunteered a lady standing alongside her. Later Gertrude expressed her appreciation. "Who are you and what do you do?" she asked. "Oh, I write too," said the lady meekly. "My name is Edna Ferber." One of the few people who refused to be overawed by Miss Stein's astounding flow of rhetoric was Mortimer Adler. The two got into a terrific argument one evening. Miss Toklas trembled on the outskirts of the battlefield, and was heard to remark "Dear me! Gertrude is saying things tonight that she won't understand herself for six months!"

George Gershwin played the complete score of "Porgy and Bess" for the first time in public for the edification of Gertrude Stein. She sat beside him at the piano in a straight-backed chair, her arms folded, and said not a single word until he finished. Then she arose and threw her arms around him. "George, it's wonderful!" she cried. "Now I know it's right," said Gershwin. Gertrude has a booming, infectious laugh. She throws her head back like President Roosevelt, and slaps her thigh when something pleases her particularly. More often than not, it is a remark that she has made herself.

For the past two years I have been sending packages of new books to Gertrude at regular intervals—particularly detective stories, which she devours. She has always been shameless in her demands on her friends. Last Fall she calmly asked for eleven books on the new Random House list. "You should be flattered," she wrote complacently, "that I want so many of your new publications!" The last package that we sent, alas, was returned, stamped "service suspended." Gertrude is going to be very angry about that.

We always print an edition of exactly twenty-five hundred copies of a new Gertrude Stein book. The demand is constant. We rarely have fifty copies left over. We never have to reprint. If the complete manuscript of "Mrs. Reynolds" ever reaches us, the manufacturing department will order the usual edition without so much as consulting us. Gertrude's last book, "Ida," was supposed to be about the Duchess of Windsor, and I sent a copy to Government House in Nassau. "It was nice of you to send me 'Ida'," wrote the Duchess, "but I must confess that I didn't understand a word of it."

The Duchess had nothing on Miss Stein's faithful publishers!

BENNETT CERF.

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